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SELECT TALE.
From Gleason's Pictorial.
THE SOCIAL GLASS.
BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

YOUR face is unusually red, Alonzo; are you ill?"

"Not at all; on the contrary I feel exceedingly well. I was wholly unconscious that my face indicated an uncommon glow," replied the person addressed.

"Look in the mirror; that will tell you whether I have spoken correctly. Your face is certainly flushed and feverish. I really hope you are not going to be sick," added the lady.

"Do not perplex yourself about it, wife; it is a phenomenon for which I can probably account. To be frank, I took a glass of brandy with William Carroll, whom I met in the street a short time ago; so that the flush you have noticed is nothing serious, you see."

"Did you take but one glass?" asked the lady.

"If the truth must be told, after we had sat and talked awhile we drank again," replied the husband.

"Are you sure you did not drink but twice?" resumed the wife, with a smile.

"I never knew you to be so inquisitive, Francis. We had not met for a long time, and the occasion was not a common one; so after conversing for fifteen or twenty minutes upon interesting subjects, we indulged again."

"Do you think it right to make use of intoxicating drinks?" inquired the lady, after a pause.

"I can see no great harm in occasionally taking a glass. A little good spirit lifts the social feelings into action; it stimulates the thoughts and gives a keener enjoyment to conversation. If a person has the blues, and don't feel very well generally, there is nothing in the world that will arouse him to a more genial life, than a moderate glass of good liquor."

"Why, it will make him feel like a new man! I assure you, I am in much better condition, both mentally and physically, than I was an hour ago," was the reply of Mr. Ackerman.

"But is there no danger," remonstrated his wife, "of procuring an appetite for intoxicating drinks, which cannot be conquered without a severe conflict? How often it is the case that one indulgence leads to another, and so on, until the unhappy subject has no longer any command over himself!"

"Drinking with a friend, you know, is a different affair," added Mr. Ackerman.

"I by no means approve of drinking liquor every day; but only on special occasions, when old friends meet, etc. The temperance cause has few more earnest advocates than myself."

"Upon my word, Alonzo, I cannot see the justice of your conclusions. Your philosophy does not appear to be of a general application. Why should a liquid that produces so much misery be used at all? Why not discard it in toto? If it is good when old friends meet, why is it not equally as good on any social occasion? Old friends are continually meeting; they meet at all times and at all places; they meet at the domestic circle; at places of amusement; at the gaming table; at the bowling alley; in the saloons of the fashionable; at church; and at places of national legislation. Now tell me, Alonzo, if you really think that these 'old friends' should drink brandy, or any other stimulant, on all these occasions? Is not liquor a continual prompter to crime—the constant friend of dissipation—the energetic confidant of all that is low, vile, and reprehensible? Does it not when it has once asserted its sway over the human character, become the most tyrannical of masters, and make its victim one of the most cringing and abject of slaves? It may stimulate the social feelings, for a moment, but it ends by crushing all the moral virtues. It may awaken, for the time being, a warm excitement at the heart, and a sensation of pleasure in the brain; but it is a factitious glow—a delusive delight."

"Mrs. Ackerman, I believe you are sermonizing," exclaimed the gentleman.

"Do you entertain the idea, for a moment, that I can ever fall to the degradation of an inebriate?—even providing that I have an appetite for stimulating beverages, do you not think I have manhood, also? I trust I have a mind somewhat disciplined, and I hope you will give me credit for some self-government. My pride of character will forever prevent any of the evils which you may be disposed to fear or anticipate. I can stand up in my moral might and say, 'thus far will I go, and no farther.' We have been married a year now, and I flatter myself that you have never yet seen me intoxicated."

"I confess that I have never yet seen

you in a state of intoxication; but I have, at various times, detected, by the odor of your breath, that you had been imbibing alcoholic stimulants."

"Very moderately—very moderately, for my pride of character."

"Please don't talk of pride of character, interrupted Mrs. Ackerman, 'for I trust you have too much good sense to assume the position, that you are stronger-minded than any individual who has yet fallen a sacrifice to alcohol. Persons gloriously endowed with the gifts of intellect, and with the attributes of manhood, have yielded, at length, to the power of the destroyer. They have fallen in the midst of their years, at the height of their fame, while their immortal laurels were yet green upon their brows. Will you exalt yourself in moral strength above those who have succumbed to a degraded and insatiable appetite? My reason tells me that you are fallible, like other men. Individuals, more generously gifted than yourself, have perished in the conflict with a sordid thirst for unnatural stimuli, how can you flatter yourself that you will prove stronger than they?"

"Non-sense, Francis! why will you go on in this way? You talk to me as though I was a child, having no power of self-government. An occasional glass I know will do me no hurt. Now don't moralize any more, that's a good girl."

"But I must moralize, Alonzo! All that is good within me impels me to speak; I cannot be silent when I see you engendering an appetite, which, if not checked, must eventually ruin you. When the human will is conquered, no manhood remains. A man might as well be dead and entombed forever, as to live on after he has been subdued by an appetite which destroys his noblest prerogative, as an intellectual being. What is that individual good for, after he has sunk and debased himself till he has lost all influence for good, and exerts no power to bless other minds? When one's usefulness has fairly ceased, he might as well be out of the world as in it, unless there is some hope of his reformation. Alonzo, I had a dear friend once, who talked about moderate drinking just as you do; that moderate man, he began by taking what he called a 'social glass' with an 'old friend.' Somehow or other, his 'old friend's' increased very fast, and his 'social glasses' multiplied in the same ratio. When I attempted to remonstrate with him, he brought up the same unsound arguments that you have employed; he talked confidently about his pride of character, the strength of his mind, and his moral power over himself. The habit grew upon him; his face became red; his nose assumed the appearance of an unsightly excrescence; his eyes retreated into his head, and lost their frank and manly expression. A dull and leaden apathy pervaded his being; a moral nightmare bound him with an inexorable chain; he ceased to be what he had been in the past; his acute sense of propriety, and his susceptibility to the most exalted friendship, departed. Every feature was imbruted; the beauty of his countenance was no more, and his whole nature grew so debased that his once symmetrical figure appeared no longer to present a reflection of the image of God. He staggered home nightly to his young wife to make her miserable; to fill her eyes with tears, her soul with sorrow, her heart with despair; to look with indifference upon his cherub boy; to behold the uplifting of his little hands without a pulse of paternal delight, without a single quickening of the heart, or a remembrance of his former love. He gazed at those who had been his solace and his hope but a few months before, with eyes that were vacant of meaning, and expressive only of drunken idiocy. He heard the tones that once thrilled to his heart, like gentle music, with apathetic indifference. Swallowed up and engrossed by one overwhelming passion, his intellectual being was engulfed in the vortex of dissipation, from which there appeared to be no hope of redemption. His manhood was wrecked upon a sea so troubled and agitated by tempests of destruction, that the possibility of making some port in safety seemed to have fled forever. He drank up his substance; the few thousands which he had inherited went down his throat in a stream of alcohol; he became a walking receptacle of the worm of the still, and his sphere was left with the foul miasma found within the atmosphere of drunkards. A horrible blight fell upon his manhood; a pestilence mildew blasted his affections; a scorching flame of alcohol burned up his generous nature."

"We looked upon him and wept; we sorrowed over him in agony; we laid our hands upon him in pity; we entreated him to stop, and stay in his course, with an outgushing eloquence which cannot be written; we contemplated his misery and his sunken brutality, and said, 'he is no longer a man; he has degenerated below the plane of manhood. But we will not forsake him; we will follow his footsteps with a tenderness which cannot be uttered; we will whisper admonitions in his ear with a loving-kindness which cannot be known, except it be felt; we will strive to redeem our brother."

"His nervous system at length reacted against continued abuses; delirium tremens grasped him with her strong hand; she held him aloft; she cast him down; she stretched his miserable form upon the rack of torture; she pulled and tugged at his life, until every fibre of his organism cracked with agony; she conquered horrible shapes from the depths of hell; she twisted serpents about his limbs; she made them hiss in his ears, and fix their fiery fangs into his shrinking flesh; she filled the sick room with grinning devils,

who mocked at his pain, and exulted in his wretchedness; she hurled beasts and vermin against him, that had never been limned by the most distorted fancy; she breathed upon him with sulphurous flames, and caused him to hear the discordant sounds that resound through the dark arches of Hades. He raved, he clenched his hands in nameless misery; he poured forth volleys of mad blasphemy. The hell of fools was already in his bosom; he suffered, and by sympathy we suffered with him. My dear Alonzo, the memory of that season of sorrow can never be fully effaced; it is a remembrance which will haunt me to the very confines of death. But, I will hasten to the end of this mournful story. We loved him, and we saved him. Great was our love, and great was our reward. By the most assiduous attentions that were ever lavished upon a human being, he was snatched from the jaws of destruction. His constitution at length rallied; sanity once more visited his soul, and reason enthroned herself in his brain. His convalescence was slow and long, and gave him time to reflect; and during that period we brought all the influences of kindness to bear upon him. He reformed; in process of time the vigor of manhood returned; the debased and insulted dignity arose within him and asserted its dignity. He wept at the remembrance of his former baseness; he rejoiced in his salvation, and is, at present, as you are aware, happy in the love of his fair wife and boy. He has abjured the 'social glass' forever; he will drink no more of the intoxicating cup with 'old friends'; he has seen the folly of moderate drinking. Temperance in foods and drinks, and manhood in everything, is now his motto."

Mrs. Ackerman ceased speaking, and her husband made no response. She glanced towards the spot where he was sitting; he had bowed his face upon his hands, and tears were trickling through his fingers. In a little time he arose, caught his wife's hand, and pressed it to his lips; his resolution was formed; the words of truth had reached his soul; Alonzo Ackerman never drank another social glass."

The Poisoned Valley.

A singular discovery has lately been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander London visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society:

It is known by the name of Guevo Upas or poisoned Valley; and following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and lowly, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountains the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When a few yards from the valley, a strong, nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced; but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet in depth. The bottom of it appears to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation. It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening, nauseous smell was experienced without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party with their watches in their hands observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell of his legs, without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quiet motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only eleven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in which died in a minute and a quarter; and another, which was thrown in after it died, in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the hand resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched being, hunted towards the valley, and taking shelter, unconscious of its character."

FOR THE QUESTION.—A lady said to her beau after fifteen years courtship, "Charles, I'm going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never. I'm going to look for something which you have not, never had, and you can give me without any loss to yourself."

"You are welcome to it, I am sure; but what is it?"

"A husband."

"Why you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word, but I was afraid to begin."

WHISKERS.

Don't you admire the man with a huge set of whiskers? The man, too, with a chin full of bristles, and a heavy growth upon the upper lip? How fascinating and irresistible the "divine creatures" look! Each of our readers can readily recall some one smooth-faced acquaintance, who has a luxurious growth enough now to fill a baby's mattress; there is a heavy line reaching to the extreme centre of the chin, reminding you of that old tangled forest you tramped over last summer, which you threatened to burn over. And that friend who had a long face, and great cheek bones, and a protruding mouth—all the hollows are filled in with hair now, and somebody has been fool enough to insist upon it that he looks all the better for the change. And there is that little red-haired fellow, all made up of steel; a lucifer match would ignite with a stone's throw of his curly hair, which he has made into a great bush on either side, yet how complacently he looks at himself in the glass, and curls, and coaxes the fiery locks to keep their places!

But the man to be pitied, is he who has lavished Macassar and Bear's Oil to no purpose; for, let him do as he will, there is only a scanty growth just tucked into each corner of his mouth, while the straggling furze is running scantly half over the cheek, as if to say, "I will take possession of just the soil I like the best—but his hair he must have."

Asks the man of bristles how he came to make himself into such a semi barbarian, and he will cough deeply, and tell you about a bronchial difficulty which is mitigated thereby; as if to cure the worst throat-ail in the world, one would voluntarily thus disfigure himself! Inquire of the hollow-cheeked man his motive for allowing a pasture to grow so sparsely covered with feed, and he will talk about a cadaverous expression which is thus partially relieved—as if a cavity big enough to insert a hen's egg were not more prepossessing than a few stray hairs that seem to have no close companionship. Finally, ask the curly-headed man why he wishes to look so fiery, and he will answer, "All the ladies tell me it is more becoming!" Ay, now we have it—the women, up to all sorts of mischief, not content with having made Adam eat from the tree of forbidden fruit, have come to the conclusion that Esau was a lovely fellow, and so have persuaded some quite sensible "chaps" about town, that, inasmuch as they can imitate his natural covering, they become most adorable.

Yet, commend us to a good, fair, smooth-faced man—one who uses his razor every morning, and then washes his locks, and looks like a civilized being. We'll vouch for the good sense of that man, although we are sadly afraid he will soon find no one to keep him company, unless we shear or singe off some of those unseemly tufts that remind one of patches of wild turn that grows here and there in uncultivated pastures; and good farmers always set blaze to such an unprofitable nuisance."

A Female Adventure.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Traverse Des Sioux, Minnesota gives an account of the adventures of a young woman who sought employment in that new country. She could command, as a woman about four dollars a month, while men were getting from twenty to forty. An expedition was fitted out for the pineries to cut logs to be rafted down the river in the spring. She doffed her female apparel, cut her hair and donned the male habiliments, and proceeded to offer herself as cook for one of the gangs. This was after much thought about the danger of exposure to health and virtue; but she could get no means of living in her true character. She was hired as a young man, at thirty dollars a month, to cook. She proceeded to the pineries to cut her wood and cook for some fifteen hands. They had one huge bed in which all slept, never taking off their clothes, and seldom their coarse flannel garments—all the better for her—and all but the cook engaged daily in cutting pine logs. She could do the cooking and the household duties, drawing water, and all the other menial tasks, without danger of detection. The chopping she contrived to do after the men had left the cabin. The young cook became a general favorite, and each gang of hands wished they had that cooks place. One day one of the men saw the cook chopping wood, and immediately said "that's a woman." It began to be rumored about, which the cook hearing, she demanded her wages—six weeks, at thirty dollars a month—and returned to the settlement, having earned nearly as much in male attire, in six weeks, as she would have received in somebody's kitchen in St. Paul's for a whole year. Surely there is a virtue in pantaloons."

THE PATH TO GREATNESS.—There are but two ways which lead to great aims and achievements—energy and perseverance. Energy is a rare gift—it provokes opposition, hatred, and reaction. But perseverance lies within the affording of every one, its power increases with its progress, and it is but rarely that it misses its aim. Where perseverance is out of the question, I had better exert protracted influence, I had better not attempt to exert any influence at all, for I should only disturb the organic development of affairs, and paralyze the natural remedies which they contain, without any guarantee for a more favorable result.—Goethe.

OUR DEVIL SAYS the reason that red-headed people make the best soldiers is because they always carry fire-locks on their shoulders.

Naples and Paestum.

I am pleasantly situated in my Hotel at Naples. The Bay breaks in billows not a hundred yards off, and the sound of the surf is the first thing I hear in the morning, and the last at night; my balcony opens on the ocean, public garden, walk and drive, and the whole nobility and aristocracy of the city roll by in their splendid equipages. From 6 to 8 in the evening, the broad strada is filled with their carriages, and the scene is but little less gay than that of Hyde Park.

Leaving Naples, I paid a visit to the ancient city of Paestum some 50 or 60 miles distant. Its origin is buried so deep in the gloom of antiquity, that the arm of tradition cannot reach it. Three noble temples, a crumbling wall and gate way, and scattered fragments, attest its former greatness, and eternity has almost elapsed since those Temples were erected. But there they stand, in grandeur, and solitude, mementoes of days so distant, the mind of man refuses the contemplation. They were reared in pride, but I have seen the ravens on their arches, and the green lizards crawling up their columns. We feel how mortal we are beside those relics of former ages; our three score years and ten, are but as a handful of minutes, and our variety and conceit, if any we have, are rebuked in their presence. The Temples are there, but where the hands, that constructed them? Where? I spent five most interesting hours in this silence, built when the earth was young, and standing within the shadows of thirty centuries, I endeavored but in vain, to connect the present with the past, so giving it up in despair, I straddled a falconer's horse, and dined amidst the ruins of three thousand years, drank a bottle of wine to the memory of my "illustrious predecessors," lit a cigar and left, convinced there was no speculation in corner lots at Paestum.

HATE BABIES.—When you find a man that hates babies, you will be quite safe in hating him. No one that does not deserve to be shunned or disliked, ever shows an antipathy to babies. What! hate a little creature with a cotton-ball head, that can only manifest its joy by smiles, kicks, and an inarticulate gurgle, that, in anguish, cannot tell the seat of its pain, but must endure martyrdom while you are guessing out the source of its agonies—that has the holiest of all claims on human sympathies—utter helplessness, utter dependence? What! hate the thing which you yourself were, and from which you would never have grown to man's estate if your parents had been like you, a baby-hater? Fie on it!

Even dogs love babies, and will suffer them to beset them, pull their ears, and buffet them by the hour, without responding to their annoyance with even a growl. Mothers, if you happen to know any male child that dislikes the species in its infancy, don't if you can help it, suffer him to marry one of your female friends or acquaintances. Be sure he will make a sour, morose, icy-hearted husband.

But what shall be said of baby-hating women? We have known some of that sort—married ones, that had babies and did hate them, and as we verily believe, would have gladly put them to bed for the last time, where they would require neither rocking nor paragon—under the sod.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Advice to Some Ladies.

A scolding wife is one of the miseries of a man's life. A man with such an appendage to his domestic establishment is no very enviable one. We have heard of a poor gentleman, whose life was rendered so miserable by a thorough temper, that he was obliged to abandon his home. The lady soon discovered that she had made a mistake, and with tears implored the assistance of a mutual friend, who promised to use her utmost efforts to bring about a reconciliation. "Your husband," said she, "will wait upon you this afternoon. When you hear his knock at the door, say your mouth with water, and let him say or do what he will, be sure you do not swallow it." The wife obeyed the injunction, and when the husband found that all his reproaches were answered only by a gentle smile, or a graceful inclination of the head, he owned the influence of those silent charms which had previously won his heart. The lady had sufficient discretion to persevere in the use of this salutary regimen till bliss banished wrangling, and happiness was restored in their domestic establishment.

AGREEMENT AND DIFFERENCE.—Sentiments join man to man, opinions divide them. The former are elementary and concentrate, the latter are composite and scatter. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age, if, in forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of that of others, and even of those that are opposed to ours; we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment, what opinion divided and dispersed.—Goethe's Opinions.

GENUINE FOOLS.—He who wipes his nose with a hating grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.

She who says "no" to the proposals of a gentleman when she has reached thirty.

He who gets so drunk every night so as to put his clothes in bed and hang himself over the back of a chair.

She who rubs her face with a brick in order to give her a color.

She who slaps a child to make it stop bawling.

A Hearth-Tragedy.

There is a natural communicativeness about women's emotions which men's do not possess. A happy woman imperceptibly diffuses her happiness all around her; she has an influence that is some thing akin to the influence of a sunshiny day. So, again, the melancholy of a melancholy woman is invariably, though silently, infectious; and Mrs. Sherwin was one of this latter order. Her pale, sickly, moist-looking skin; her large, mild watery, light blue eyes; the restless, vigilant timidity of her expression; the mixture of useless hesitation and nervous, involuntary rapidity in every one of her actions, all furnished the same significant betrayal of a life of incessant fear and restraint; of a disposition full of modest generosity and meek sympathies, which had been crushed down past rousing to self-assertion, past ever seeing the light. There, in that mild, wan face of hers—in those painful startings and hurries when she moved; in that tremulous, faint utterance when she spoke—there, I could see one of those ghastly heart tragedies laid open before me, which are not to be written, but which are acted and re-acted, scene by scene, and year by year, in the secret theatre of home; tragedies which are ever shadowed, darkly and more darkly yet, by the slow falling of the black curtain, that drops lower and lower every day—that drops, to hide all at last, from the hand of Death.—Collins's Basil.

MAINE LAW JOKE.—The New York Tribune has a correspondent who tells a capital story of the Maine Law operation in Vermont. The agent was a cute one. Hear about him:

"And it is amusing to listen to the stories and witness the ingenuity of hundreds who come after liquor, but who go away with thirsty stomachs, and empty bottles. As a general rule when strangers call the agent requires a certificate from a physician."

Mr. D. I wish you would put a pint of your best brandy, said a well dressed young man placing the bottle on the counter and some camphor beside it. "I want it to mix with this camphor. The doctor thinks it would be good for me as I'm out of health this spring."

Certainly replied the agent, while an arch smile was playing over his mouth. The liquor was drawn out and put into the bottle. The agent is a polite man, and thought he would save the young gentleman the trouble of mixing the camphor with it by doing it himself. He very politely and kindly pulverized the gum and put it into the bottle, while the young gentleman silently looks on with a face very much elongated.

"There continued the agent, this is fourth proof brandy, and will soon cut the camphor."

"The young man paid a half dollar for the brandy, put the bottle in his pocket and silently walked out cursing in his heart the kindness of the agent. The thing was done up so smoothly and kindly that the thirsty young man could not say a word, but his face looked unutterable things."

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.—A case of office-seeking philanthropy, the more interesting because of its novelty, has come to our knowledge. A gentleman from Virginia, a prominent Democrat, was an applicant for office in one of the Departments of the Government. His papers, as the phrase goes, "were made out," and the letter of appointment given him by the Secretary, who informed him that in a certain room, at a certain desk, he would find the individual whose place he was to take, and that he must show the letter to him. Well, he found the room, and in due manner presented the letter. The gentleman at the desk, after perusing the document, observed, "Well, sir, this is your desk, and I am ready to clear the premises," suiting the action to the word, and starting to get off the stool upon which he was perched. The newly-appointed office-holder observing that the person whose place he was to fill was lame, and walked with difficulty, immediately said, "Sir, you can keep your place; I am not the man to deprive you of it." He returned to the Secretary and informed him that sooner than deprive a lame man of office he would return home! The Secretary applauded the sentiment, and promised that he should have some office, at any rate.

Surely the world is not so selfish as some would suppose; and the green spots which now and then show themselves in the desert of human selfishness force us to believe that human nature is not entirely depraved.—Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript of June 30th.

"Action! Action! Action!"

By the by, I know not whether I have done it before, but here, at all events, I should wish to expose a vulgar and very insupportable fallacy, almost a universal one. It is reported of Demosthenes that he declared action, or, as we understand the word, gesticulation, to be far and far the most important requisite for an orator. If ever he said any such thing, he must have been a fool at that moment, whatever he might have been for the remainder of his life. But this I was well assured could not be so; the foolishness of the phrase, together with the authority of it, puzzled me in the extreme, and so I took the trouble to inquire into it. The Greek work is *kinesis*,—signifying agitation, motion, anything of a stirring quality. Here then is the truth; it was not action, but emotion, that Demosthenes held to be necessary, and in this all orators will agree with him; a man must be possessed with his subject, or he can never work with it upon his audience.—Self-Formation.

Stir Yourself.

It is sometimes said that "a patient waiter is no loser," but we think this rule has at least one exception. We have seen smart young men walk round week after week, with a tiger in their mouth waiting for business, and we have known such to lose good chances for business which would have fallen into their hands if they had looked it up or even gone out to meet it half way. Some men expect to get their dishes filled with porridge whether they hold them right side up or not.—But such persons generally are obliged to go hungry. There are some things that are pretty sure to be as far from unobtainable as rage, dirt, poverty, disgrace, disease and death; but business, money, respectability and happiness, need a little coaxing, at least some inviting. And he who would prosper in the world must not post himself at the corner of the street, and wait for prosperity to come along and arrest him as perhaps the constable ought to; but he must pull on his best boots, and give chase to it. In that way he will soon overtake it. But a lazy, loafing waiter will be as far from attaining the object of his desire, as a blackleg is from being an honest man. Whoever wants money must dig for it as the Californians do. And whoever wants business must stir himself to obtain it.

LACK OF CONVERSATIONAL POWER.—Spent part of an hour in company with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could more easily make society of the cat. I was mortified and surprised at this feeling when I noticed it. It does, however, seem to be a law of nature, at least of mine, that unless our intercourse with a human being can be of a certain order, we had rather play awhile with an inferior animal. Similar to this is the expedient one has often had recourse to of talking a large quantity of mixed sense and nonsense to a little child, to even an insensible infant, perhaps, from finding the toil or the impossibility of holding any rational intercourse with the parent.—Fortunately, in this case, the parents are often as much pleased as if one were talking to them all the while.—John Foster.

SENSIBLE REMARKS.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his remarks at the Anniversary of the Fire Points Mission, said: "When Christ went where there were sick, he healed them; where there was actual want he created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away. Preach the gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon.—If I go to a man, and bring him in his want over so much philosophy, he will not hear it; if I come down to him and bring him bread, and clothes, and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand."

CHEAP HAPPINESS.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's, free from artificial wants, unsatisfied by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, sticks or oyster shells, or to watch their quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed or half-washed little fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife, and a lump of bread and bacon, at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.—The papers tell us that a Swedish frigate arrived at Plymouth, England, a few weeks since, from a voyage round the world.—She sailed from Sweden in October, 1851, and having touched at Rio Janiro and La Plate, passed through the Straits of Magellan in February, 1852. Sailing circuitously through the Pacific, she visited Gallipagos, Panama, the Sandwich Islands, Otaheite, San Francisco, the Friendly Islands, and Sidney. She was then steering towards the Indian Ocean. Leaving Australia, she directed her course to the Carolinas, the Ladrones, Banton, Manila, Singapore, Batavia, and the Mauritius. On the 20th April, 1853, she reached the Cape of Good Hope.—Having sailed thence, she stretched away to St. Helena. On the 4th of May she took her departure from the island and reached Plymouth on the 18th of June.

NOVELS AS A PART OF EDUCATION.—Sentiment is a portion in true reality; all without it is dross and a capital mortuum. Let not your child, say the would be wise educationists, read works of fiction; they enervate they unfit them for life's realities. You and I, Eusebius, deny it in *Adams*. They fit them for everything; they feed the heart with noble sentiment; they show that there are things, ideal or not, worth all fortitude. They strengthen, not enervate, excepting by a base abuse; and a high responsibility is theirs who have the commanding gift and do abuse it. But it is a coward's part to argue from the abuse.—Blackwood's Magazine.